



Maria—He proposed to me once.
Mario—Indeed? And why did he break the engagement?



Howso—What do you call your new horse?
Comso—Brains.
Howso—Is he a good one?
Comso—Always comes in ahead.



Katty—Sure, Mike, I've a new job, dustin' out do flies in de theatre.
Michael—What! in winter?

erty, is chiefly remarkable for the size of its mosquitoes and the hoarseness of its frogs. Here and there a more progressive farmer has drained his quagmires and shown what he can do with these blessings of nature.

From the time when students first turned their attention to it this spot has been a puzzle. The people who live there imagine they have only a thin crust of earth between their feet and a vast un-

circumstances the earth's surface has been worn away in the narrow valley of Crooked Creek almost to the floor of the country, and the water flowing slowly along under the highlands of the West emerges here for a brief peep at the day and then passes on beneath the eastern hills.

Silence Was Heard.
In a well-known bank in Edinburgh the

A Queer Western Trick.
Artesian wells are usually expensive luxuries, but there is one spot on the American continent where they are cheaper than pumps and more common than mortgages. This is in the centre of what used to be called the Great American Desert. The boundary of the oasis forms an ellipse, one focus of which is at Wilburn, Kans., and the other at Meade, says a Lawrence, Kan., special to

well in his back yard, another at his barn, and a dozen more in different places on his farm. All he has to do is to bore a hole fifteen or twenty feet deep and stand to one side. The water quickly comes bubbling up and runs busily away to quench the thirst of Crooked Creek.

No well in the whole district cost above \$50, but all are satisfactory. There are upward of 250 wells in the narrow basin, yet only a few of them are intelligently managed. There are three or four well swiches yield forty-five gallons of water a minute, from twelve to

twenty that yield thirty gallons, and the rest grade on down to eight or ten gallons. It is computed that enough water flows from the ground each year to cover 12,000 acres of land one foot deep. The residents, however, are not organized and have never heard of the ques-

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.



Her grandfathers never won at Buncker Hill.
Brave mention as a minute-man, so true;
Nor did he stand, like graven image still,
Where red-coats' bullets sped the thin ranks through;
No history makes record that he led
A charge at Brandywine with resolution;
And yet I call my charming Winifred:
"A noble Daughter of the Revolution!"



I've never found where her ancestral
sires
The independent colonies defended;
Nor famed to flames the patriotic fires,
Nor stayed the wrath of Tories, much
offended;
But Winifred's a 'cycling maid, and so
The problem grows quite easy in solu-
tion;
She, clinging to her wheel in weal or woe,
Becomes a "Daughter of the Revolution."

The New York Tribune. The winding stream, called appropriately Crooked Creek, forms the long axis of the ellipse. This little lozenge-shaped district, lying in the arid forehead of the West, is probably the best-watered portion of the earth's surface.
A farmer here may have an artesian



(Copyright, 1896, by Mitchell & Miller.)
In the days to come.—Life.



"LOST HIS GRASP."



1.—Mrs. Barber Cutting—John, we can't see a thing with these feathers in front of us.

tion, "How can I use what I have?" Therefore, they waste the water shamefully, and the district, instead of being a garden of perennial beauty and pros-

derground lake; that the land rests upon this like an ice does upon water, and that a well bored into its bosom allows the water to rise just as it comes up through cracks in the ice. But deep here

clerks are provided with a rather im-

petuous manager, whose violent fits of temper very often dominate his reason. For instance, the other day he was wiring into one of them about his bad work:

"Look here, Jones," he thundered, "this won't do. These figures are a perfect disgrace to a clerk! I could get an office boy to make better figures than these, and I tell you I won't have it! Now, look at that five, it looks just like a three. What do you mean sir, by making such beastly figures? Explain!"

"I—er beg your pardon, sir," suggested the trembling clerk, his heart fluttering terribly, "but—er, well, you see, sir, it is a three."

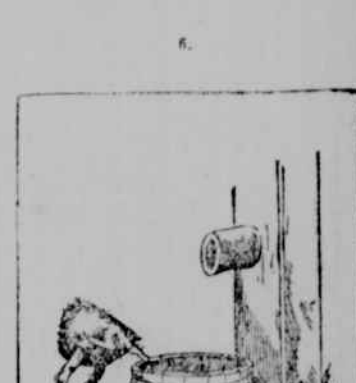
"A three?" roared the manager; "why, it looks just like a five!"—Pearson's Week-ly.

Personal Notes.

Miss C. H. Ippincott, of Minneapolis, has the largest exclusively flower-seed business in the United States. She is the pioneer woman in the business, which she entered ten years ago.

An Italian named Corsetto has invented an apparatus which enabled him to remain under water eighteen hours. Owing to an accident to the apparatus, however, he came near being asphyxiated.

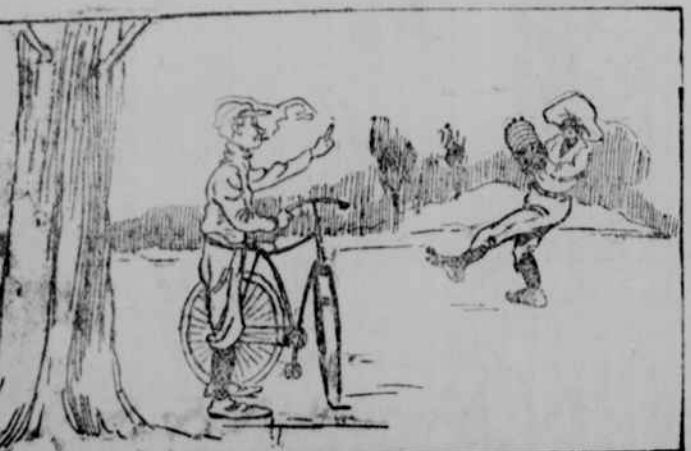
KINETOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE CHICKEN THAT SWALLOWED THE HORNET.



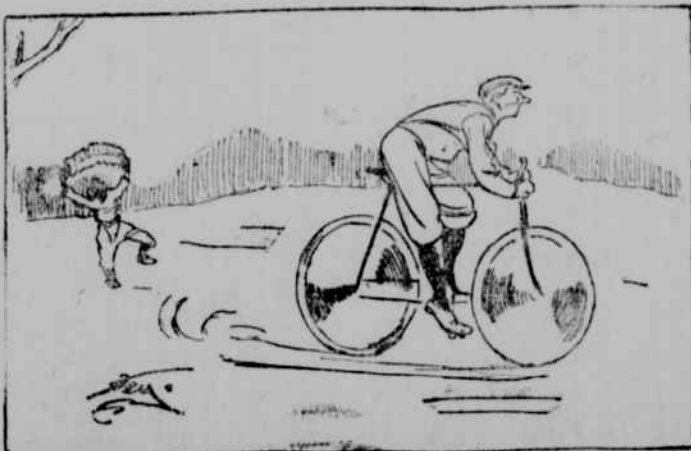
1.—Schorcher—Well, if this isn't hard! Aitch! Ten miles in the country, the air out of my tire, and no air pump!



3.—It works like a charm.



2.—An idea! Here comes a fellow playing an accordion! I'll borrow it.



4.—"And the band played on."



2.—Mr. Barber Cutting—One moment, dear; I have my scissors with me; I'll give them a hair-cut.

ings have proved that the lake does not exist.

The State Geological Survey has about settled the question, and, after all, it is a very simple one. The floor of all the western territory is made up of deposits of that age called by geologists the cretaceous. Above this, however, is a wholly different formation, the tertiary deposit. It consists of a loose material; shale, clay, sand, soil, varying in depth from 50 to 250 feet. This forms the surface of the land, and is spread over the area evenly, without respect to the under formations. It appears to have been put on like a suit of clothes to warm the bones of naked old nature.

The water, fallen as rain all over the Rocky Mountain slope, sinks through this loose crust until it comes to the cretaceous rocks. Then, finding its downward course stopped, it follows the dip of the strata and flows gently eastward upon its cretaceous bed beneath its tertiary coverlet. Wherever a stream has cut its channel down nearly to the floor enormous springs are continually to be found, and this in the driest region, not an actual desert, on the globe.

The artesian district, then, is easily accounted for. By some combination of

What is meant by saying a man is con-
vincing?
That he has outwitted his doctor.—
Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.

Truth.